

REAL SOURCE OF PROFIT.

A son of Italy was so unfortunate as to face the judge in the police night court in New York not long ago.

"What do you do, Tony?" the judge asked, in a kindly tone, not being hurried, as it happened, and perhaps touched by the liquid softness of Tony's dark eyes.

"Maka da music wid de fion street piano—oh, vory fine music!" Tony said, with a bright smile.

"How much do you make in a week?"

"There was a flash of white teeth. 'Maka da much money—fifteen, maybe twenty dol.'"

"What? Got \$20 for playing a street piano?" the astonished judge demanded.

"No, not for play, the music master admitted; 'maybe getta two dol for play—getta rest for shut up some na' get off block!'"—Judge.

Emancipated.

"One thing we are proud of in our boarding house is that we treat each boarder as a member of the family."

"Yes; when may we expect you to send your things over?"

"You need not expect them. Mrs. Henpeck always treated me as a member of the family, and now that she is dead I plus for something different."

The Yankee's View.

"When are you coming back from England?"

"Never, odd chum."

"What? Going to stay there?"

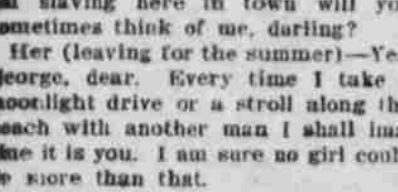
"Yes, indeed."

"And become a British subject?"

"To be sure. What's the jolly row? My ancestors were British subjects."

"I know. And further back, your ancestors were monkeys, too, but you don't want to return to that, do you?"

THE WAY HE FELT.



Mrs. Wiggs (on mountain top)—Isn't the scenery grand and majestic?

Mr. Wiggs—Yes.

Mrs. Wiggs—How can you be so pathetic? In all this mountain grandeur do you not feel anything?

Mr. Wiggs—Yes; thirsty.

Busy Over There.

The liars' club works every day, with all its main and night. Since England fell into the way of seeing things at night.

Vivid Imagination.

HM (her affianced)—And while I am slaving here in town will you sometimes think of me, darling?

Her (leaving for the summer)—Yes, George, dear. Every time I take a moonlight drive or a stroll along the beach with another man I shall imagine it is you. I am sure no girl could be more than that.

The Last Straw.

"This is the last straw," she looked the surprise she felt.

"This is the last straw," he repeated in a tone of finality.

"I don't want it," she replied; "I always eat my ice cream soda with a spoon."

Proud.

"What's Griggaby all swelled up about?"

"Don't you know? He's going to have charge of the store while his boss is away on the board of commerce excursion."

His Fatal Oversight.

He proposed to her by mail, and by letter she replied; he read her brief refusal, then committed suicide. Alas! he'd be alive to-day, and she a happy bride, had he but read the postscript penned on the other side.

Naturally.

Medical Prof.—What is the result, young gentlemen, when a patient's temperature goes down as far as it can?

Student—Why—er—he gets cold feet.

What He Said.

"Botsford never has much to say."

"Why, I thought he talked a great deal?"

"I said he never has much to say."

Squeezed.

"I've paid all my debts, and I'm going to start in fresh, now."

"And I suppose you're going to start in on me? Nothing doing—I'm broke."

Then He Has To.

"Do you get up early in the morning?"

"Only on the days our neighbors and their grass."

Looking Forward.

"Millionaire August Belmont is to marry Actress Eleanor Robson."

"I wonder how much alimony the court will allow Eleanor."

WIFE DOUBLY HIS PARTNER

American Man of Business Proud to Accord Position to His Better Half.

There is one little incident connected with Charles R. Flint's life which shows us how some American men place their wives on a pedestal in a way that is puzzling to foreigners. One night he invited a Russian diplomat to dine with him at home, the invitation, which was an informal one, explaining that the dinner would be small, in fact there would be no other guests, only his "Junior Partner."

The diplomat arrived punctually, dressed in his official costume and decorated with orders. He was ushered into the drawing-room and shown the trophies which Flint had brought back from his many journeys around the world. He is a collector and a connoisseur, as well as a business man. But no "Junior Partner" appeared.

The conversation was general with now and then a reference made by Mr. Flint to the importance of this person. He confessed to the guest that he never took an important business step without first consulting his partner, that he relied almost entirely upon the judgment and sound advice of the "Junior Partner." Finally, when he could no longer refrain from showing his curiosity, the Russian looked at Mr. and Mrs. Flint and asked whose the mysterious person was. What's reply was to make a courtly bow to his wife and present the foreign diplomat to his "Junior Partner."—Detroit Free Press.

INSURANCE LONG IN FORCE

First Introduced When Sea Voyages Were Accompanied by Many Perils.

The practice of insuring originated from marine insurance, for merchants sending goods by sea in early times usually accompanied the ship themselves, and were liable to capture by Moorish or Turkish pirates. With a view to providing the necessary ransom to secure their release it became customary before embarking to pay an agreed premium to certain individuals called underwriters who were willing to guarantee payment of the ransom in the event of the merchant being captured. From this beginning the practice was gradually extended to insuring the lives of mariners and then of other persons.

In 1574 Queen Elizabeth granted a patent to Richard Chandler, under which he established a Chamber of Insurance in London with the object of regulating all contracts of insurance, but this Chamber, with probably all its records, was destroyed by the great fire of 1666. The earliest recorded life policy was issued in June 18, 1852, and provided that if a certain William Gibbons, shall die within 12 months the underwriters would pay £333 6s. 8d., the premium being at the rate of 8 per cent.

Supply Tea to the World.
India and Ceylon supply seven-eighths of the world's tea.

NOT TAKEN FROM REAL LIFE

This May or May Not Have Occurred, But Story Belongs to the Humorists.

Once there was a country boy who came to the city to forge his way in the world.

He secured a position in a wholesale grocery, working conscientiously and faithfully. By stint and sacrifice he saved a nice portion of his earnings, until at the end of two years he had about \$300 in the bank to his credit.

Coincident with this date chronicled above, a well-dressed and smooth-talking agent of a Nevada gold mining company came along and met the country boy. After some clever descriptions regarding the marvels of wealth buried in the shaft on a certain mountain and the immense quantities of glittering treasures dragged from the bowels of the earth the \$300 were transferred from the bank to the agent, and a pretty engraved share of stock with the name of the country boy upon it was carefully packed away in the tray of his trunk.

A month passed and then a letter came. On the outside of the envelope was the name of the Nevada mining company. On the inside was a check for \$1,000, the first monthly payment on one share of stock.

Moral—Some humorists try to carry a joke too far.—Judge's Library.

Chinese Barbers Don't Use Lather.

"One of the chief trials of the average man is the way his razor pulls when he proceeds to erase the beard from his face," remarked Julian V. Apperson, of St. Louis.

"Some years ago I was in China and I noticed that the cunning barbers of that country instead of putting lather on the faces of their customers used a number of hot towels. Instead, I went through the experience and became a convert to the Chinese system. To this day when I go to shave, in lieu of soap I steam my face with hot water, and find that this method takes all the wrinkles out of the whiskers far better than lather, so that if the blade is reasonably sharp you can shave without any torture incurred in the 'pulling' process."

Vegetable Suspension Bridge.

A remarkable suspension bridge spans the River Apurimac in central Peru. The ropes of this bridge are composed of pliable roots and vines, while the planks are made of branches. In the humid climate of Peru it would be by no means extraordinary if this vegetable bridge were one day to start growing.—Wide World Magazine.

Had One Claim to Make.

"The things I say may not be very clever," says the Philosopher of Folly, "but I call the attention of the much-bored public to the fact that I haven't made a North Pole epigram yet."

Lesser Heaven on Earth.

When the power of imparting joy is equal to the will, the human soul requires no other heaven.—Shelley.

HOLD ALL ANIMALS SACRED

Natives of Dutch East Indies Have Scruples Against Killing Any of Brute Creation.

The natives of the island of Bali in the Dutch East Indies have peculiar superstitions about animals," says a writer in the Wide World Magazine.

Dogs, for instance, are never destroyed, and, much to the annoyance of the European residents, the pariahs are allowed to increase to an unlimited extent. According to Balinese ideas, dogs are the reincarnation of those of their poorer brethren who were buried after death instead of being cremated, which is the more luxurious method of getting rid of the dead. To kill a dog, therefore, is as great a sin as killing a poor fellow creature. With regard to the tiger, the natives believe that that animal is also the reincarnation of another caste of the community, and nothing will induce them to shoot it.

They tell, with great impressiveness, the story of an old Balinese man who once came face to face with a tiger in the jungle. Gazing at the monster fixedly he addressed it as follows: "What have I done to thee that thou lookest so ferociously at me? Have I ever done thee any harm; and art thou not my brother clad in the skin of a tiger? I pray thee go thy way in peace, and leave me alone." Whereupon it is said, the tiger turned tail and walked away majestically into the depths of the jungle.

The Amateur Cook's "Onions."

A well-known Liverpool (Eng.) citizen—a gentleman occupying a position of considerable civic importance—had an amusing experience the other day. He and his family have rented a farmhouse for the autumn, with the "free run" of the kitchen garden and its produce. His eldest daughter, who has been an assiduous student at a local cookery class—searching for vegetables for the soup, lighted upon a bed of onions, which, uprooted, were lying in the sun to dry. These were seized and duly deposited in the pot. After dinner all the family were seized with sickness, and next day the farmer's wife was called in for an explanation. It was short and simple. The "onions" commandeered by the town-bred cook were daffodil bulbs!

Had Little Nose for News.

A "club" reporter on an up-state paper was sent out by the city editor to get a story on the marriage of a young society girl and a man well known in the city, says the Philadelphia Times.

The "club" was gone about an hour and then returned and went aimlessly over to his desk, by which he sat down. Shortly afterward the city editor noticed his presence and his evident idleness.

"Here, kid!" shouted the superior, "why aren't you at work on that wedding?"

"Nothing doing," replied the boy.

"Nothing doing? What do you mean? Didn't the wedding take place?"

"Nope; the bridegroom never showed up, so there ain't nothin' to write."

FELT THE HOME INCOMPLETE

Peculiar Piece of Valuable Bric-a-Brac Excited the Envy of Magazine Editor.

The editor of one of the leading magazines of New York has a viewpoint which often cheers his friends. His social affairs are such that on some occasions he and his wife dine in the homes of sumptuous wealth, while on other occasions they partake of chafing dish spreads in the candle-light studios of artists more or less struggling.

Not long since they dined with a family where the evidences of wealth were numerous. Among them was a platter of rare and costly porcelains. Mrs. Editor was enthusiastic over the beauty of it and its priceless antiquity, and the hostess called attention to the fact that it had been broken many times and that the pieces were riveted together with gold. In fact, she had a servant pass it around for examination to show how badly it had, on different occasions, been shattered, and how, on the back, it showed a mass of gold rivets.

The next morning, when the editor came to his own breakfast table, he appeared to be in a chastened, not to say, depressed, frame of mind. Mrs. Editor inquired the cause.

"Yes," he mused, reflectively, looking around on the dainty table and at the neat little apartment. "Yes, it is a comfortable and well-kept little home, but—so—ah—my dear—so sort of unriveted."

A Million Ancestors.

It may be a little surprising and of interest to learn that a person may have had more than 1,000,000 ancestors within comparatively recent years, and that without taking into account uncles and aunts. Starting with one's parents, each person, of course, has two, a father and a mother. The father had his two parents and the mother had hers. Thus each person has four grandparents. One step further and we have eight great-grandparents. A simple calculation gives the astonishing result that our direct ancestors during 20 generations number no fewer than 1,048,576, or sufficient people if all living to populate the whole of Wales.

Women Smokers of Mexico.

The cigarette is far more popular among women in the upper circles of European society than it is in Mexico, where if you find a lady smoking she is quite sure to be an elderly woman of an addiction to old customs. That Mexican women generally smoke cigarettes is a notion cherished by foreign writers of Mexican romances sprinkled all over their pages with "caramba!" "mi vida," "chile con carne," etc.

Australia's Waste Land.

Universal experience has proved that no country can progress or be held safe from invasion where population is sparse and the lands are not utilized. Our future prosperity is vitally dependent on the sort of use to which we put our lands.—Age, Melbourne.

DEATH IN TERRIBLE SHAPE

One of the Most Horrible of All the Horrible Imaginings of Edgar Allan Poe.

The wife of one of the most respected citizens—a lawyer of eminence and a member of congress—was seized by a sudden and unaccountable illness which completely baffled the skill of her physicians. After much suffering she died, or was supposed to die. For three days the body was preserved unburied, during which it acquired a stony rigidity. The funeral, in short, was hastened on account of the rapid advance of what was supposed to be decomposition.

The lady was deposited in her family vault, which for three years was undisturbed. At the expiration of this term it was opened for the reception of a sarcophagus; but, alas! how fearful a shock awaited the husband, who personally threw open the door. As its portals swung outwardly back, some white apparition object fell rattling within his arms. It was the skeleton of his wife in her yet unmoldered shroud.

A careful investigation rendered it evident that she had revived within two days of her entombment, that her struggles within the coffin had caused it to fall from a ledge or shelf to the floor, where it was so broken as to permit her to escape. On the uppermost steps which led down to the dread chamber was a large fragment of coffin, with which it seemed that she had endeavored to arrest attention by striking the iron door. While thus occupied, she probably swooned or possibly died through sheer terror; and in falling her shroud became entangled in some iron work which projected interiorly. Thus she remained and thus she rotted erect.—Edgar Allan Poe.

Hickory Cane Cut by Old Hickory.

Fred Tillman, a farmer of White Store township, has in his possession a hickory cane cut from woods near "The Hermitage" by Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory."

Mr. Tillman's grandfather, David Tillman, father of the late Dr. David C. Tillman, was going to some point in Tennessee during the year 1830 and passed the night at "The Hermitage," the home of the ex-president. Next day he walked over the plantation with the grand old man, who cut the hickory cane and presented it to Mr. Tillman. It has been polished and mounted with silver.—Wadesboro Ansonian.

One Misses, After All.

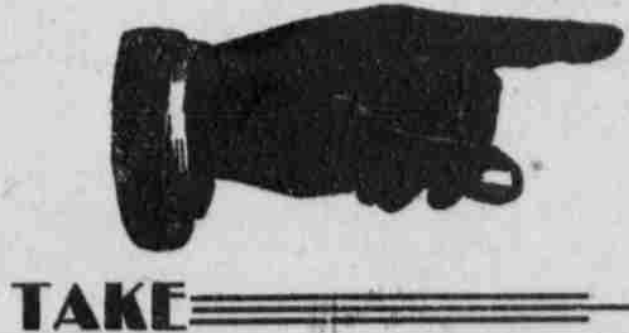
I am sure it is a great mistake of ways to know enough to go in when it rains. One may keep snug and dry by such knowledge, but one may miss a world of loveliness.—Adeline Knapp.

Where It Falls.

Education is one of the best things in the world, but loses its effectiveness when it comes into contact with prejudice.

In Demand in Germany.

Germany's imports of palm and palmetto leaves exceed 300 tons a year.



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